



The Student

Front Cover by *Carl King*

The Student



The Student

SPRING1989

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KURE BEACH

I lie down into the last letter
of my name,
warming myself between its slow walls.

A leaf blacks the sun.

Yesterday, I saw a wind
blowing the leaves of oak.
I remember how it shivered.

And I remember last winter,
how we watched it fall here,
how later I couldn't tell
the difference between snow
and sand.

A crawling wave drags my shoes,
a few leaves, a rusty can
into the sea.
The gulls read the sand
by syllable, sounding out
the name--
their voice one deep grinding.

Too early for snow,
the letters of the name fill
with oak leaves.

Tomorrow will be colder, the walls
will bulge inward.
Slowly, I'll bend my knees
into my arms.

I'll think again, yes, how before
it went under, the leaf
was caught in a wave.

Cathy Turner

MONOTONE

Solo,
without rhythm,
without accompaniment,
steady bass tones noticeably absent,
I'm only a feeble melody
sung by a child.
Sweet,
yet unsteady
and hesitant;
a thin sound,
melancholy in such solitude,
waiting to become
better arranged.

Michelle Cox

DELICATE GARDEÑIA

I hold in my hand una flor
that sprouts y abra al sol y el aire
¿Donde estás cuando te necesito?
Te quiero como un amigo
A flower to hold and cherish like a
song swept on some distant wind
Reach and I will hold you
Don't slip and I won't fall
A friend that won't wilt under pressure
Because inside te quiero como más
I struggle with your beauty
I breathe like you and hold fast
No te vas, no te mueras, mi gardeñia.

Fred Hegner

DECAY WITH AN AMERICAN TWIST

When the enemies of the Ideal
breached the walls behind which free men once did stand,
they found the street of walls with its fabled seats
tempered and tamed by oriental hands.

The bulls and bears roamed as ghosts in their extinction.

A nation of the Renaissance mind, deceived
by the forces of decadence and acquiescence.
a nation of people preserving the ideal, until the
Khans of its darker side did erect
pleasure domes of snow.

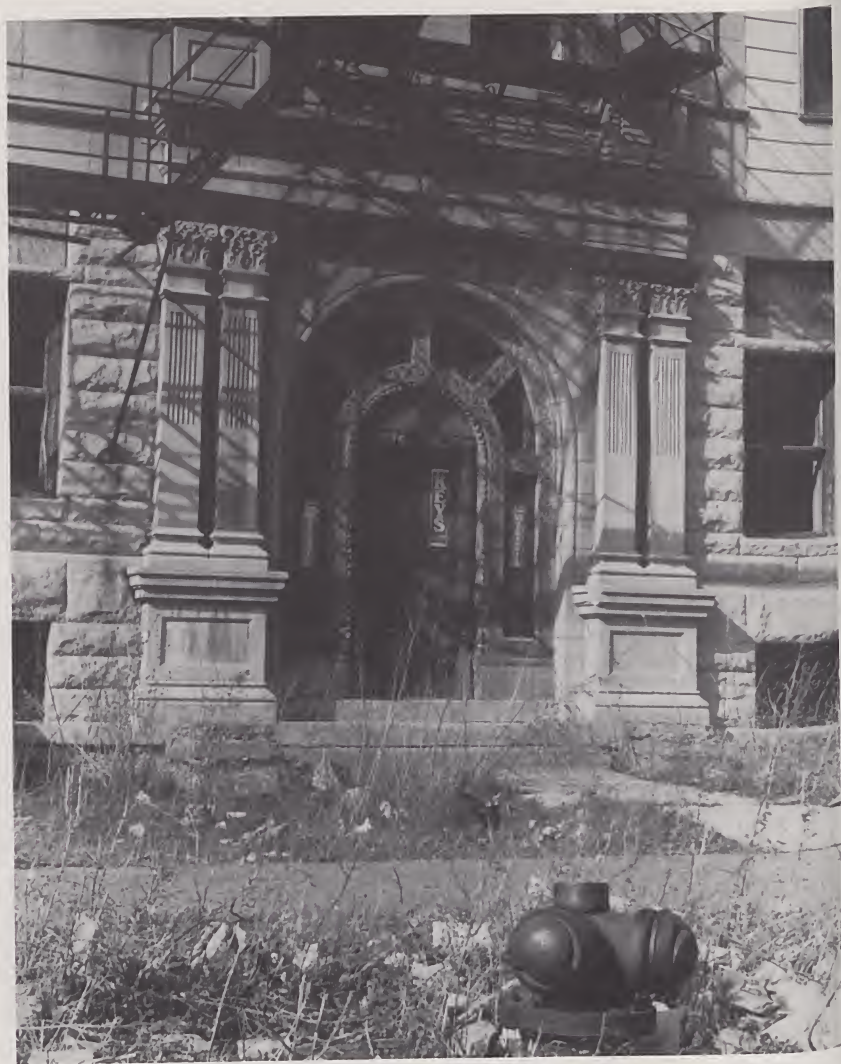
A nation once knowing the true meaning of free died in its
youth, abusing its loudly voiced liberty.

In search of the green temptation on the other side of the fence,
this young utopian experiment suffered from a decaying sense,
disrupting a historic innocence, leading one to see a final absence of morality.

If only they had known the horror to be held in the future eye.
The answer might have been in a willingness to try
to reverse an excursion down the road
not meant to have been taken,
but passed by.

The danger arose in acquiescence to those cried for what was
"RIGHT."
while those revolutionary eyes were blinded by decadence from
true sight.

Ashley Hairston



NUMBER 26

Christopher Toombs

FROM CEMENT TO CITY

Now we pass from stucco houses
Into stately mountains
Sun rays make flat color on their sides
a sort of grayish, muted brown.

Now clouds whisper across the teal sky
No hint of rain.
The trees turn big away from the city.
Their leaves obscure the sun rays
shining hot upon my hand

Now the sun seeks to hide behind
the overshadowing smog
The trees dissolve to rocks
Tall and staid as they are symmetric.
I notice but one single tree,
on a corner, stunted, struggling, and stale.

Christina S. Ruiz

MAMA CALLED ME AT THE DOOR

Mama called me at the door.
There were empty shoes in the room.
Fearing air,
With purple color.
Waving.
Freezing water.
Red carnation.
I am standing there.
Mama called me at the door.
A scream without voiced.
Eyes -- unrest.
Wasted time, wasted tears.
Laughing lips.
White teeth.

Satomi Imai



Helen Tucker Beckwith

Helen Tucker Beckwith attended Wake from 1942-46. After graduation she was determined to become "one of the 5% that makes a living as a writer." She succeeded. She has written sixteen novels including a novel about the move to the new Wake Forest The Guilt of August Fielding.

—"The Guilt of August Fielding is closest to me because it is about Wake Forest and the characters are composites of people I knew at Wake Forest, all of whom I liked very much. So for that reason that one is my favorite although I have No Need For Glory was the toughest to write."

Beckwith started her career writing for newspapers, and still writes occasionally for the Raleigh News and Observer.

—"For somebody who wants to write, no matter what kind of writing they want to do, there's no greater help than newspaper experience. I might say no job I had after that could measure up to newspaper writing. I was born with everything else after that. Newspaper experience will give one strong writing skills and knowledge on a variety of subjects."

Currently living in Raleigh, Helen Beckwith enjoys writing 'Who-Dunnits' and fiction novels on her manual typewriter. Beckwith also published poetry a

—"Poetry was my first love. I had a book of poetry published in the 1950's—then the company went out of business right after—owing me money. I'd rather write poetry than anything else, but if you're writing to make a living you can't afford to write poetry. But it was still my first love. But I do not like this modern poetry. It doesn't say anything to anybody except the one who is writing it. Nobody writes in meter anymore and I think it is because they don't have the self-discipline to learn the meters. I do not like modern poetry at all. You must write to make sense to others. I read a lot of poetry but I don't read any that is published now. I go back to the Old English poets, and as far as America goes we've had some good poets, such as Frost, Aiken, and Millay—but not lately. Even the poetry that is published in the quarterlies and the little magazines is so far out that it practically meets itself coming back. Totally undistinguished gibberish. I have a feeling that these so-called poets are pulling someone's leg. You read something, you don't understand it and you think "Oh this must be deep if I can't understand it." Several years ago it dawned on me that I had at least average intelligence and if I couldn't understand it then that didn't necessarily mean that it was all that deep."

Amy Rawe and Martha Henseler

UNDER

each cell an opal prism
hands cupped
arching, turgid stamens dripping
cold sweat
heaving
serpentine tendrils
twining the frail stem
outstretched stigma licking
waxen cheeks
smearing pollen
harlot's rouge to hide
sallow features

Rochelle Reeves

Rochelle Reeves

2514 NEAR CAMP LEJEUNE

Out back,
Your mother's plot stands
Neglected to the weeds.
Tomatoes, rotten
Or fallen to dust,
Are scattered like beads,
Of a rosary,
Coiled in the garden like a snake.

She planted him here,
In the victory garden,
And Ophelia's rosemary sprouted.

You are young,
When it rains you know
Only that mudpies
Are easy to make,
Then return to earth.
Outside the garden you sing:
"Ashes, ashes,
We all fall down."

Larissa Teigen

I WAS DRAWING SMILES

I was drawing smiles
On the night train
In the fog on the glass
From my breath.

Outside in the cold onlookers
Looked at my art.

I could have blushed
When I saw
Them through the rubbed clear eyes
Of my face sketch.

But the train rolled on,
I focused on their passing faces

And smiled back.

Steven Douglas Curnutte

Waiting for the Ticking Whale

I remember wind like kicking horses,
like clicking teeth.
And I go with eyes closed
into orange fire.

As a child once,
I lost my watch --
at night I'd hear it ticking
deep under the sea.
I'd stand by my window,
counting the waves, never sleep.
I still dream the moon of those nights,
a great clock without hands,
its face maskless.

Kneeling in tide, I press the watery
walls back, pull them
forward with my nails, rise,
full as the wind.

They always told me
the ticking
was four valves and a muscle --
that my blood
flows like whale blood.

The day I went to the pier,
saw the fat-slabs, the cracked jaw,
the dripping heart on a hook,
large as a closet,
I heard it
keep time like the moon.

Cathy Turner

LOSTNESS

Lostness was the variety of the panther
That crept into your mind without you
And there she found
The mysteries and heresies of the
Human Race
She found
The Mission and Militia
And the little mouse in the corner
(Who died a quiet death
As she slowly squeezed his life away)
And then you remembered
That living was worthwhile
You remembered at last,
Too late
Because your forgetfulness had acted.
Too late
The bullet was faster.

Chirstine Sorrell



Janet Ramey

WINTER

When winter bares his icy teeth
Against the barren, blasted heath,
And roaring with a gust of snow,
Across the fallow field does go,
Destroying with a savage wrath
The tender plant-stalks in his path,
And lays the tow'ring tree-tops bare,
And chills the wolf within his lair,
And smites the Earth to break her bones,
Cracking the mighty mountain stones,
Then, wailing with a hideous howl,
Upon frail humankind does scowl,
Woe to the mortal who would dare
Out in the woods and fields to fare!
For now the gods of chaos reign,
And devastate the vast terrain
That lies within their foul domain.

Rage on, ye storms infernal, rage!
Your old demonic battles wage!
I roam the forest, hill, and plain,
The gods of chaos I disdain;
Though wind and ice contend in vain
Each one the upper hand to gain,
And make the landscape all around
A tempest - tattered battleground
With piercing shriek and woeful moan!
Though frostbite turn my limbs to stone,
Though blinding snows about me whirl,
Though jagged hailstones 'round me hurl,
Though freezing winds against me strive,
So scarcely I remain Alive,
As Boreas' fierce and pounding breath
Bites through my flesh in searing death
While screaming furies leap with glee,
I look on all the Earth and see
Whatever things may come to pass
Are but reflections in a glass
Of that which grows within my soul,
The fragment of a perfect whole.
I turn my gaze within and know
No arctic tempests fiercer blow
Than those that in my own soul grow.

David Plitnik

CARL LYLE

Amy Rawe

"It's CAR - liie - el...you gotta' draw it out more. Where you from darlin'?"

"Pittsburgh."

"P - YITS - burgh?! Damn!"

I felt my face growing hotter. My blush spread like a brush fire.

"Uh heh heh heh," he laughed - or rather, he boomed. "She's a blushin'!"

I felt like one of those fire-flies that I used to catch in a mason jar when I was a kid.

Small. And trapped. Carl Lyle peered at me and laughed again.

"He has Santa Clause eyes," I thought. They were shaped like half-moons and twinkled. And he had a full beard that covered all but a sharp nose and cheekbones and those eyes. But his beard was black and grey, not white. And instead of a red and white stocking cap, he wore a red bandana around his forehead. He laughed a lot, but it was a more devious laugh than Santa's jolly Ho's. But I could sense a gentleness in Carl Lyle. I just didn't know how to tap it...especially since we'd become the center of attention. Carl Lyle was huge. Just a few inches shy of seven foot tall, with a bit of a beer gut, and klunky cowboy boots. And his voice was as big and conspicuous as his body. All eyes in the Psychiatric Hospital lounge were watching us. I found a crack in the jar and slipped away with minimal politeness.

"Who the hell was that?" I asked my co-worker.

"That's Carl Lyle. He's on your floor, so you'll be seeing a lot of him. He definitely keeps things lively."

"Why is he here?" I asked as I checked myself for assuming he was in for drug rehab.

"Post traumatic syndrome, or something like that...big thing with Vietnam vets these days."

He went to Vietnam?! I whirled around. At a safer distance now, I watched him as he sat down and shuffled cards at a table of what looked to be equally rowdy guys. I wanted to go to him and draw it out of him. What was it like? What did he think? Then? Now? But my curiosity probably would've been as intrusive as an impersonal nurse drawing blood with a long needle. So I just watched him deal, pull of his beard, and laugh at his own joke.

I had studied every excruciating twist and turn of the Vietnam war in a history class. I understood the politics and economics of our involvement in the war. No...I didn't

understand. I followed the moves but couldn't justify, rationalize, comprehend. I remembered snatches that I'd high-lighted in my book. "Strong position against communism," "Domino theory," "Credibility gap," "A new kind of warfare," "Drugs," "My Lai," "A moral obligation." For me, the words were two dimensional, flat print on paper. For him, they were three dimensional, with real experiences that colored the ink blood black.

For two weeks I watched Carl Lyle, usually from a distance. But I began to wonder if he sensed my mix of curiosity and avoidance, because he reached out to me. Every morning when I walked into his ward, he'd boom, "GOOD MORNIN' DARLIN'!" I'd smile sheepishly and he'd laugh. One morning I missed him on the ward; he'd already gone to breakfast in the cafeteria, to which I was escorting a patient. As soon as I walked in, he spotted me. "GOOD MORNIN' DARLIN'!" he boomed from across the cafeteria. Carl Lyle and everyone else was looking at me. He nodded to an empty chair next to him. I took it, mainly to get out of the mason jar again. I had joined him and his friends just in time to catch most of his hemorrhoid story.

"So Ah had mah operation, right? Then they tell me that Ah can't leave that damn hospital 'till Ah pass the poop, get it?" Carl Lyle's voice was getting louder and louder. People were watching, pushing breakfast trays away. His eyes were sparkling. "So damn, when that time came Ah was sittin' there pushin' and gruntin'," he stood up for visual clarification, scrunching his face, "and Ah thought Ah was passin' a bowlin' ball!" People with wrinkled noses were leaving the cafeteria. Carl Lyle went on. "And then Ah turn around to see what Ah done...well, HELL, it was just the size of a PEA!" Carl Lyle roared and I broke loose. I laughed until I couldn't breathe. From that time on, we were friends.

Mostly we would watch the Discovery channel together; it was his favorite show. And we talked about animals and fishing and mowing grass and playing cards, but never about Vietnam. Until I found him sitting outside alone on a bench one day. He looked angry and my impulse was to keep walking. But he said, "Hello Darlin'" so I sat down. "How old are ya'?" he asked.

"Twenty-one."

Carl Lyle shook his head. "Ah was nineteen when Ah went over there. Vietnam, ya' know."

"What was it like, Carl Lyle?" I couldn't help it. And then he couldn't be stopped.

"Ah was there for a year. A whole year of days that each seemed like a year. Ah was a sniper...mah commander gave me a case of beer for every gooch Ah killed. It was that way ya' know - shoot for beer and stuff - like a carnival."

I nodded. He squinted his eyes and looked at me, checking for condemnation.

"The first person Ah saw killed was a NVA regular. The back of his head was blown away. Ah cried. The next one was an American GI. Then Ah got pissed and fought hard. We had every right to be there ya' know. America kicked ass and we coulda' won if the politicians hadn't screwed around in Paris and we coulda' kept on fightin'. 'Cause no-one can beat us. It's our responsibility to beat those commies, ya' know.?"

"How do you feel about it now?" I asked.

He crossed his arms and looked down. Then looking past me he said, "Ah'm angry most of all at how Ah was treated when Ah came back. Ah'm still at war, ya' know. Ah've fought twenty years of hatred and bitterness - because Ah fought for mah country and was betrayed when Ah came back. Ah was spit on. Some guys threw shit on me. Ah couldn't get a job. And Ah've had four wives because Ah can't love Bayonne a certain level. Ah'm jumpy, ya' know. Always lookin' around. Ah can't look at a mud puddle. And Ah can't hear a helicopter without freakin' out."

He stopped talking and pulled on his beard. I wanted to tell him I was sorry. But instead I looked down at my shoes.

"Ya know, darlin', Ah've always wanted to be a social worker - help kids, ya' know. But the only thing Ah ever did right was kill. Yeah, and Ah was good at it. And Ah lost my front teeth in a tank that plowed over a mine, but Ah'm tougher than a pine knot. But like just yesterday, in HERE even, this lady comes up to me and says, 'Ah'm mad at you. My brother died in Vietnam.' Well, Ah about knocked her down, except she was real fat and Ah'd just have to help her up anyway. So Ah told her to get away from me. Ah could see the hatred in her eyes."

"It seems like maybe she should hate the war and not you, Carl Lyle," I said softly.

He nodded his head slowly. "Yeah. There is a difference ya' know." Then he turned away, sending his mind somewhere else. It was time for me to leave, too. I got up, gently touched his shoulder, and started to walk away.

"Thanks for listening," he called after me. "Ah just felt like talkin'."

THE DAY ELVIS DIED

Today
while i was sitting in our kitchen
experiencing my ovaltine...

i choked on my popart
when i heard
the orchestral
crash
of the porcelain on stone.

My heart flipped
when i thought
maybe
it was the
flourescent mosaic
of Elvis Presley
that:
you
bought at Mr. Wisneski's garage sale
back in the fall
for quite a bargain, as i recall

that: you told me Don't Touch-Because-It's-Fragile
that (one) I never liked.

Could it be?

i crept to the den
to investigate the disaster...

i was right

And
to my further dismay
your mosaic
smashed on its way down
beyond repair
your
blue alligator ashtray.

another favorite.

Robin Widmeyer

Right: BLUE LAKE
by *Dave Olson*



POETRY LIVES

Words,
 A song without notes,
 Deeply seated emotions,
 Cries from the heart,
 Hidden fears and joys
 Escaping the soul,
 Making themselves
 Known to the world.
 What tales are told
 Through pen and ink,
 Pencil and paper,
 Giving life to feelings
 Bottled up inside,
 Setting love and sorrow
 In black and white.
 The poet,
 Putting his life,
 His love,
 His sorrow,
 His time,
 Into his creation,
 His Poem,
 Gives birth,
 Gives breath,
 Gives life.
 Yes, World,
 Poetry.

David Clark Syers

PARKLAND

The day Kennedy went down,
 the day gunshots cracked
 the air, an ax
 through wood; the day
 he slumped into her lap,
 and a dark vehicle
 slid through curves to a bed;
 a bed of white,
 a bed of creased paper.

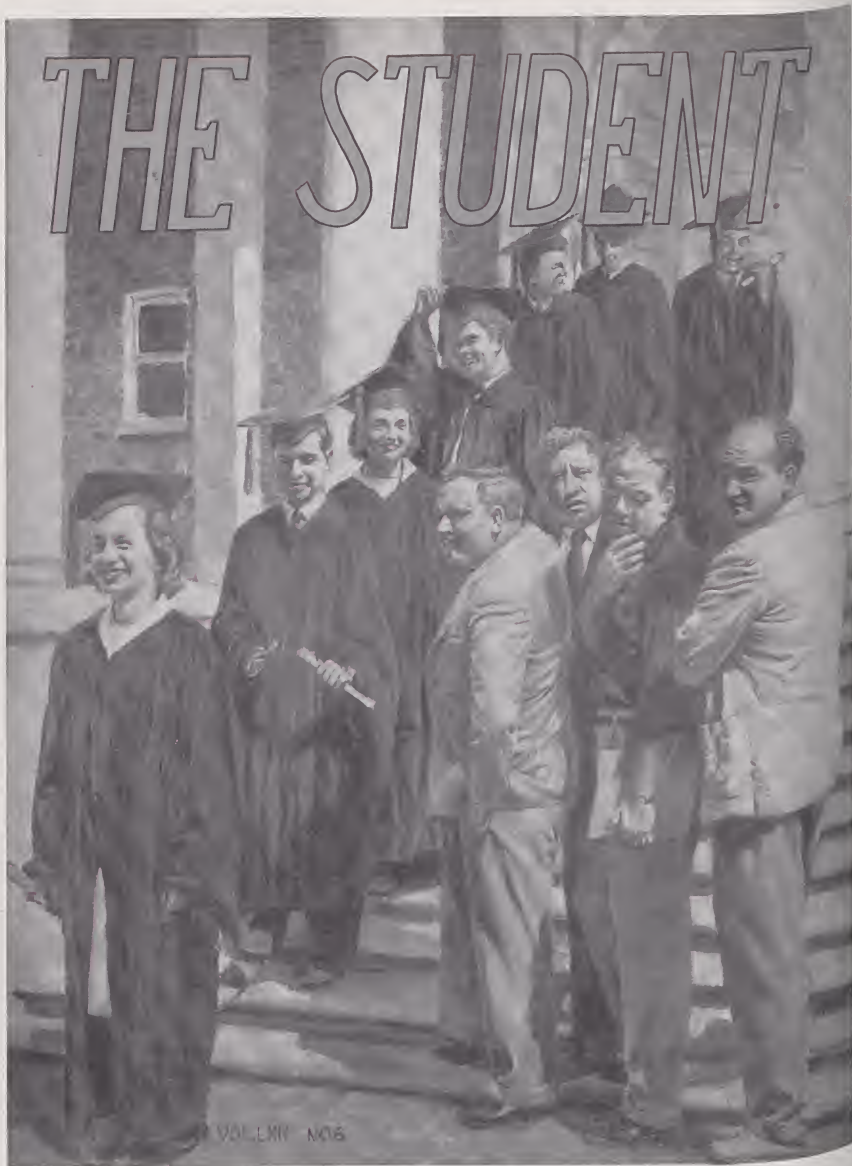
In Omaha,
 a mother moaned,
 a child swung
 its fists into the world.

A doctor in white
 behind swinging doors,
 and two families outside
 shuffling matchbooks, magazines, Bibles.

A mother clutched a body;
 it squeaked like a black hinge.

Micah Ray





Ralph Herring:
Student Cover 1949

Ralph Herring attended Wake Forest 1945-1949. He sketched the covers for The Student from actual scenes and students on campus. He currently resides in Mooresville, NC, with his wife and has three sons and continues to draw portraits.

Student: Do you paint as a living?

Herring: Well, actually I work for my brother-in-law in a dental laboratory. It's an odd combination. My painting is supposed to be supplemental income, but it does take a lot of time. But painting is my first love, anyway.

Student: Can you paint me a verbal picture of what Wake Forest was like while you attended?

Herring: I recall Wake Forest very fondly. It was an awakening, so to speak. I have cherished the memorable moments. There were only about eight hundred students at the time. The environment was nice and of course everybody knew everybody. I wasn't too active in the fraternities. I preferred to visit our favorite haunts. We'd go to Shorties, or the movies. We'd always watch a Western and cheer for the hero. That was a lot of fun. We built a house down from the campus Junior year. It was made of 16X30 cinder blocks. In the winter we'd carry oil for the stove on a sled. It was a rustic life.

Student: What was your involvement in the Student?

Herring: Well, as you know, I did the Student covers. It was Harold Hayes who got me started. We got the idea to cover student life. The people are actual students from campus. We took pictures of them and then drew from that.

Student: What course of study did you follow at Wake Forest.

Herring: I thought I wanted to be an English major. I took Dr. Jones for English, Dr. Reed for Philosophy. The teachers were very enriching, such as Dr. Wilson, and Dr. Folk. It's funny when I think I'm not doing anything related to what I studied in school. But I felt college was to be broadening. I was interested in science, I thought I needed something to balance it. But looking back, I feel a person ought to study what he really wants to pursue.

Student: Did you ever pursue a career in art?

Herring: After I graduated from Wake forest, I went to art school in Chicago, where I studied for a number of years.

Student: What painters had the greatest influence on your work?

Herring: I enjoyed the impressionistic school of painting. I studied Andrew Zorn, and Charles Hawthorn. I feel that is just the way of painting. Painting is not photographic, it should be representational. Art needs to say something, something everyone who looks at it should be able to understand.

Student: What type of paintings do you do now?

Herring: I do portraits, landscapes, and still life in oils and some pastels. I painted the mural in the Piedmont Federal Savings and Loan Building in Winston. People will look at it and say they know just where the spot is. I had no particular place in mind. But there is a house in it that I saw after I had finished the mural. It is along the interstate to Winston. It is the same architecture and everything. I must have stored it in my sub conscience. I also did the portrait of Dr. Reed at Wake Forest. Most of my work is on commission, so it is hanging somewhere else. I never been able to get a large collection together for a show.

Student: Did you ever do portraits on the spot, such as in the mall?

Herring: Oh, yes. I enjoyed doing the portraits, but you can't be a perfectionist there, you just have to let it go if it is just not right. I have eight to ten portraits to do. People call all the time, mostly for children. I prefer to draw from life rather than photographs. The color and poses in a photo are not as natural, and the views are limited. But I enjoy painting, as I said it is my first love. I hope to have the time to just paint one day.

Amy Rawe and Martha Henseler

IF THE EYE OFFENDS

His cane slashed,
And I leapt,
Singing: "Devils, angels, witches, fairies,"
Waiting
For it to crash to earth
And slither on its belly
For Pharoah.

Later, my name on his tongue,
He could've been peering
Into real eyes,
But wasn't,
For lying,
Lids wide to silent light,
He reflected my faces
In simple mirrors.

So he told me,
And I imagined
A vacuous stare,
Plato's caves and Oepidus,
A doctor muttering:
"An eye for an eye,"
Before filling the fleshy gaps.

Larissa Teigen

INSPIRATION OF WAIT CHAPEL

Rising in
The majestic night,
The green Georgian spire,
Bathed in light,
Reaches toward
Heaven's hand in height,
Radiating with
Angelic white,
Towering above
All earthly plights,
Raining mercy down
With glory's might,
Inspiring love
With its awing sight,
Conquering forever
The eternal fight,
Lifting hope,
Into soaring flight.
God's in His Heaven,
All is right.

David Clark Styers

WHISPERS OF THE WASTE LAND

Something in the wind,
those piercing sheets of air,
Something in their hollow tone
tells me no one's there.

A quiet path of purity
muddied by the rain.
Lost in desperation
all idylls held in vain.

An empty blue sky, the hollow ground.
Eternal lie; the truth not found.

Sadness of a widow,
her broken reverence.
Coldness in her sympathy,
calloused by existence.

The chill of middle winter
in the icy hand.
Her frozen grin tells nothing --
whispers of the waste land.

Sheets of rain obscure the sky.
The dirt is lain; the quiet sigh.

She cries but says nothing.
He wanders down the aisle.
The lost hope of redemption
abandoned in denial.

Seven years of agony,
empty by the pain,
agreed, as if to settle,
over time again.

A figure weeps; the emptiness.
Neither speaks; all meaningless.

Bart Gonzert



THE SHORE BIRDS

Dave Olson

SAND

I was sand,
I moved not by my will,
But by the will of others.

I am sand.
I change, yet am unchanged.
The grains sift to form shapes,
but the core remains the same.
The tide is my master
the waves control me-
I must move at their beckoning.

I will never change
I will always change.
I am as infinite as my amount
as I am in my insignificance,
and I must always be sand.

Christina S. Ruiz

MS. ALLIE'S PARLOR LIGHT

I plunge upward
for the beads,
the darkness
compressing my chest,
my ribs
roping, twining me
into knots.
I cannot breathe,
my eyes wide as purgatory.
I can see
nothing, endless coils,
corrals of circles upon circles.
Panic waving of hands
through empty air,
I catch no string of light.
I spin into drunkenness,
into darkness, everything is cross-eyed.
Quickly, I tighten
my eyes,
lids twitching,
head bulging;
My mind sees a full fiery-moon
against the window.
A clear reflection:
left of the bulb
from a small ceiling hole
seventeen silver beads
linked, attached to bright
red gift-wrap ribbon,
tied to a palm-sized crucifix.

Reaching
just above my head,
I feel the cold
heavy cross. I rub
my hand against his flesh.
pricking my finger
through his thorns,
I gently pull down.
The heat burns by chest,
my eyelids click.

John David Johnson



Russell Brantley, is the retired Director of Communications at Wake Forest and author of The Education of Johnathon Beam. He started as the Editor of The Old Gold and Black Throughout his career, he worked as City Editor for papers in Concord and Durham, North Carolina, Night Editor for the Associate Press in Charlotte, Managing Editor for the Durham Herald. Brantley currently lives in Winston Salem with his wife Elizabeth.

The Education of Johnathon Beam, by Russell Brantley, should not be missed by any student interested in Wake Forest History. Mr. Brantley attended Wake from 1941-45. He went to school on the old campus and worked as the Director of Communications at Wake from 1953-77. Brantley used his composite experiences as student, administrator, alumni, and observer to write Education as a commentary on the Baptist ties. (Especially those that bind.) Although not every word is true, the novel still speaks of the truth. Brantley explained, "Literally I could not tell you what is true and

what is not, even if we went through page by page. I wrote it.; I was angry. I wanted to make fun of the situation. It was intended as a satire. It was supposed to be funny. The Baptists were outraged with the book and thought I should be fired. The Board of Trustees voted 16-9 not to take any action. "

Brantley wrote about a Wake in transition. He realizes that the school is still in transition., not only with the Baptist Convention, but with the changing campus, and perhaps new beliefs. It's no longer the world of Johnathon Beam and prohibited dances. "I can't really say what the

student life is like now," Brantley states, "Isn't there supposed to be a rock somebody found that's one thousand years old. that says 'the younger generation is going to pot?' I would wonder if you are that much wilder than us. Except on the matter of sex; you are open. But AIDS has given you that. I really like the school the way it is now."

Brantley lives nearby and still consults with the University. But he retired mainly in the interest of writing, rock climbing, and trout fishing. Brantley believes writing to be the most challenging of these. He says, "I write from six to eleven, sometimes until two. Other times I am tired. If you write and are very disciplined about it, it's very hard work. You worry so much about words...it's hard as splitting trees." And consequently, the advice Brantley offers for aspiring writers is, "be constant and be bold....It takes ego to write, but if you need to ask if

you should be a writer, then you probably shouldn't. A writer really needs to look at the world each day as though looking at it for the first time. Even if it means hanging your head over the bed and looking at the floor boards and seeing the lines from a new perspective."

Brantley, himself, has just recently begun to experiment with poetry. "I wrote a poem in two days, which is really remarkable," Brantley comments, "I never tried poems before. I like the form, in terms of enjoyment. I hadn't written any poems since grammar school. You know little love poems. I know so little about the technical side of poetry. I find it most exciting to write; there's so much free association. After two to three hours you're not sure where you are. I move to a different level of consciousness. Not higher just different. Words become more important than feelings."

DADDY'S REWARD

Apple skins spiral
Around a wooden spoon in the sink
Dirty bowls crowd out
measuring cups
spilling oil on the counter

Powder dusts the floor,
While footprints show
Evidence of oak.

Crystal coats the kitchen table,
Where stray pieces of dough
Float in a stream
Of spilled egg white.

A broad gentle hand
Holds a silver spatula.

Steam escapes
Through cuts in a golden crust,
And cinnamon syrup
Bubbles on the glass edges-

Daddy smiles.

Elise Walker

SUNSHINE BLUES

Through my side window
In the sunshine spotlight
Dusty particle partners
Dancing to the Blues of the sky.

Shelleigh E. McVicker



Janet Ramey

UNION BOW

A prophet
Named me an arrow
and you a bow.

For like a "human arrow,"
You released me,
Free to fall or to soar.
You spent much time,
Prudent in your power
to position me that I might
Fly swiftly and gracefully,
With purpose and passion.

On my journey,
I falter often
And quiver under
The coldness and pressure
Of the world;
But I recall the bow,
The confidence and pride
With which it beautifully bent-
And then stood stable,
A patient semicircle
Of love and hope.

My flight has only begun,
But the semicircle
Becomes whole
As the bow relaxes
In wisdom and faith,
And the arrow perseveres
In growth and gratitude.

Marybeth Pucciano

THE STREETS

The lonely light
perched precariously
on the windowsill
of an old down shop
beckons to
the traveler in the night
giving him a sense
of where he is
and where he must go.

The cold cobblestones
pinch his unshod feet
which drag slowly
across the ground.
There is no food
left in his pockets,
no warmth
left in his bottle
or in his heart.

The long walk to nowhere never ends,
and never should've begun for him.
The time is insignificant,
the day is over,
the shops are closed.
The pockets of the down shopkeeper
are warm with money,
and the bed of the widow June
is warm with down.

The cold cobblestones
don't feel cold anymore.
The tired old legs
have lost all feeling.
Crossing the old bridge
means nothing now.
The icy inviting water
feels warm.

David J. Baker



EMMA

Dave Olson



Janet Ramey

A TEA ROOM

My spoon stops just before a cup of coffee,
in a tea room, afternoon.
I remember a famous man who died on the same day
when he was born.

I have a letter in my bag, for two weeks unanswered.
It says -- Come back home.

I was looking out a window, sitting for a long time.
It rained outside.

The color of tears,
The sound of tears,
flowing down into a puddle.

I was just looking.
It rained outside.

Then I go out -- I buy a pack of cigarettes,
At a cigar store.

Satomi Imai

Fortune Rota volvitur;
In Centro rote sum,
Et Deus omne magnior
In Centro est mecum.

Fortune plangat vulnera
Qui cupit vanum ventum,
Cui caret conscientia
Quod Via sit in Centrum,

Qui immutatum veretur
Legem destinatis,
Et mundi regum tuetur
Arva potestatis.

O Populi, herilum res
Audite, videte,
Sympathieque sanguines
In cordibus habete.

Symbolious Ordo delendus est,
Ut novem fiat nunc,
Quod dominus servuscum est,
Et ille spernit hunc.

Hoc obietificando, nam,
Societas fondatur;
Vitemus hierarchiam
Qui regere connatur!

O Popule, communibus
Ex cordibus agemus;
Herilum res nos vidimus,
Et pacem iam geremus.

Nec legem fati timeo,
Nec regem dominantem,
Quod Deum Patrem acolo,
Et Christum Liberantem.

Accepto venti munerak,
Rideo et lundo,
Quod Vie Conscientia
Est nunc simplicitudo.

Veni, O Mater Anime,
Es intra me, mecum!
Volare, Rota Fortune!
In Centro Rote sum.

David Plitnik

*Wheel of Fortune turns;
I am in the Center of the Wheel,
And God, who is greater than all things,
Is in the Center with me.*

*He who seeks after vain wind
Bewails the wounds of Fortune,
He to whom the Consciousness is lacking
That there is a Way into the Center,*

*He who fears the immutable
Law of destiny,
And serves the realms of power
Of the worldly kings.*

*O Peoples, hear and see
The affairs of men,
And have, in your hearts,
The blood of sympathy.*

*The Symbolic Order must be destroyed,
So that a new one can be made,
For the master is with the servant,
And the former despises the latter.*

*Now, upon this objectification
Society is founded;
Let us shun the hierarchy
That tries to rule!*

*O People, we will act
From our common hearts;
We have seen the affairs of men,
And now we will wage peace.*

*I do not fear the law of Fate,
Nor yet the dominating king,
For I serve God the Father,
And Christ the Liberator.*

*I accept the gifts of the wind,
I laugh and I play,
For the Consciousness of the Way
Is now simplicity.*

*Come, O Mother of the Soul,
Be within me, with me!
Turn, O Wheel of Fortune!
I am in the Center of the Wheel.*

THE GARAGE SOUL

forgotten fossils
snowwebbed in corners
buried in boxes
today
disinterred
squinting in the Saturday Sunlight.

oblivious to
decades gone

since they were stashed
in This Corner or That Box
in a determined From-Now-On-We're-Going-To-Keep-This-Attic-Neat-Fashion.

And then steadily hidden beneath the
We-Have-No-Room-For-This-But-We-Can't-Throw-It-Away relics

and the

You-Never-Know-When-We'll-Need-This-
And-Won't-We-Be-Glad-We-Saved-It-Then fossils.

hand-tagged
a little ragged
they flinch
beneath your foreign fingers
as you toss them carelessly
on the sunbaked card table.

unaware that i wore the blue dress you are fingering in the
One Dollar Box
(please don't buy) to my sister's piano recital
and that
Teddy (he is too alive, so there) accompanied me
on many Midnight Water journeys down The Hall.

How strange
i welcome you
to gawk
at my insides
and you pick the ones you like

for pocket change
and walk away with part of me
leaving some of me behind
sighing
with a clean attic
and a sweaty torn dollar bill.

Robin Widmeyer



BOOK SHELF



Kundera, Milan . The Book of
Laughter and Forgetting.

Scott Stubbs.

A general removed from consciousness, faded memories of life with a loved one, laughter without reason, vague recollections of childhood, and the realization of one's distinct inadequacies comprise several vivid images of The Book of Laughter and Forgetting. Kundera's novel consists of seven sections, each dealing extensively with either laughter or forgetting through various types of love and lust. These sections seem to be unconnected at first, but one realizes that the author wants to support his theme by providing many examples of both.

Kundera sets his book primarily in his home country of Czechoslovakia. By starting there, he can begin with an example of institutionalized forgetting. Kundera tells the story of a Czech communist who appeared in a famous picture of the Communist Party leader. Everyone knew the picture. Four years later, the Czech was charged with treason and hanged. After that, he was brushed from every existing picture and official mention of him was never again made. In this way, the Czech government hoped to eventually wipe the memory of the traitor from the consciousness of its citizens.

This striking image stays with the reader throughout the novel, and this is the author's intent. After time, if events are not recorded, we will lose our memory of them, no matter how dear they are to us. One of Kundera's heroines realizes that just this has happened to her and she tries to recover her diaries and love letters,

only to find several other people have since read them and they have lost their value.

The hero in the first section spends his time recording events constantly. He records meeting, conversation, news, everything he can because he knows that the government will alter the reality of his memories if he does not preserve it. He leaves town to visit an old lover, and when he returns he finds the secret police have broken into his house and confiscated his writings. He won't be allowed to remember no matter how hard he tries.

Both the protagonists have lost their memories, and have therefore lost their identities. While some of the sections deal with the inevitable facts of forgetting, others deal with the purity of laughter.

In one section titled "Angels," Kundera distinguishes between two different types of laughing: the laughter of the Devil, and the laughter of the angels. The laughter of the Devil is caused by the realization that something is amiss in the universe. When things lose their meaning, or defy meaning altogether, it creates laughter of the Devil. The laughter of the angels, on the other hand, is the laughter of simply being. It is spontaneous and uncontrollable, it is like two lovers running in a field, laughing merely because they simply are. The first kind ties us to the earth and unites us with chaos; the second lifts out spirits and allows us to transcend earthly concerns.

Finally, in a section called "Litost," Kundera brings up a topic not specifically connected to laughter or forgetting: he discusses the Czech word *litost*, and attempts to define it. "*Litost*," he says, "is the feeling one

has when one realizes one is inferior in some way to a lover, or otherwise loses faith in one's self." He tells the story of two lovers swimming in a lake. The girl is athletic and a strong swimmer while the boy can't swim at all. For the most part, she politely keeps up with him, not wishing to embarrass him. Towards the end, however, she is overcome by the urge to swim and sprints to shore. He sees her and tries to keep up but nearly drowns himself instead. The sheer humiliation and depression he feels as a result are *litost*. The feeling of *litost* emerges as we try to forget things; we don't want to remember what has caused us despair or humiliation.

In The Book of Laughter and Forgetting the two connect and intertwine to become inviolate: as we forget, because we will forget, we can lift our spirits through laughter, and laughter is the only thing which will save us from the despair of *litost*. Laughter can and will overcome all from sensuality to sadness. My belief is that Kundera wants us to know we will forget, but we can save ourselves through laughter, and we can always laugh, simply because we are what we are.

Theroux, Paul. Picture Palace.

Janet Ramey

Paul Theroux's eighth novel, Picture Palace, explores the life of a photographer and her art in retrospective. Maude Coffin Pratt is a humorously eccentric, stubborn, and crotchety artist. We discover that her brother, Orlando, is the center of her life and her reason for first taking up photography. Incestuous love for Orlando fuels her artistic drive. "I was a photographer for love," Maude tells us, "Orlando was the reason for my camera...I had no ambition

beyond tempting him to its darkened side.

Photography structures Maude's incestuously based life. Frank Fusco, the young man organizing Maude's retrospective, sees her photos as the story and culmination for her life's work. As he dredges the windmill for the work she has stored and forgotten, Maude's life in memory takes shape. Early pictures reveal the relationships within her family while later ones disclose the events which are themes in the composition of her life. Maude, however, tells us that her life "ain't in them pictures...It's all the pictures I never took. It's the circumstances." She comes to realize that photography has sapped her experiences of their life and meaning, referring to a particular event when she says, "none of my pictures came out which is why I remembered it so clearly."

Most of all, Maude has a stubborn, incisive, cynical way of viewing the people and world around her. She has something to say about everyone from D.H. Lawrence, whom she describes as lecherous and overbearing, to Eugene O'Neill, who "looked like a wino." Maude is Paul Theroux's success in writing in a woman's voice and thereby creating a coherent and believable character. He encounters difficulty, however, in conveying Orlando's attraction to the reader. From the few brief descriptions given, it is difficult to visualize Orlando at all. This mystery of his appearance and attraction tends to undermine some of the reader's sympathy to an understanding of Maude. However, Theroux's style and skillful use of detail make Picture Palace an interesting and compelling novel.



